

*The Historie*

*Fals.* You rogue, heere's lime in this sacke too, there is nothing but rogerie to be found in villanous man, yet a cowarde is worle then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward. Go thy wayes old lacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world I say, I would I were a weauer, I could sing psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now, Wollacke, what mutter you?

*Fal.* A kings sonne? if I doe not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and driue all thy subiects afore thee like a flock of wilde geese, ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

*Prin.* Why you horeson round-man, what's the matter?

*Fals.* Are you not a cowarde? aunswere me to that, and Poynes there.

*Poin.* Zoundes ye fat paunch, and ye call me cowarde, by the Lord, ile stab thee.

*Fals.* I call thee cowarde? ile see thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thousand pound I coulde runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of sacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wip't since thou druk'st last,

*Fals.* All is one for that. *He drinketh.*

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Fals.* What's the matter? there be foure of vs here haue tane a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, lacke, where is it?

*Fals.* Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fals.* I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword, with a douzen of them two houres together. I haue scap't by myracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, foure through the hose,

my

*of Henry*

my buckler cut through and the hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer would not do. A plague of all cowards, speake more or lesse then truth of darkenesse.

*Gad.* Speake, sirs, how was it?

*Ross.* We foure set vpon foure.

*Fal.* Sixeteene, at least, my lord.

*Ross.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound. I am a Jew else, and Ebrew Jew.

*Ross.* As we were sharing, foure vpon vs.

*Fal.* And vnbound the rest.

*Prin.* What, fought ye with them?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye say. I fittie of them, I am a bunch of three and fittie vpon poore olde creature.

*Prin.* Pray God, you haue not.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for. Two I am sure I haue paid, two more what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie thou knowest my olde ward's point; foure rogues in buckrom.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou say'st.

*Fal.* Foure, Hal, I told thee.

*Poin.* I, I, he said, foure.

*Fal.* These foure came all afore me. I made me no more adoe, but to the target, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were seuen.

*Fal.* In Buckrom.

*Poynes.* I, foure, in Buckrom.

*Fal.* Seuen, by these hilts, or I am a Jew.

*Prince.* Prethee let him alone.

*Fal.* Doeft thou heare me, Hal?